

Red Dawn

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My first fanfiction, a oneshot probably unless by popular demand i have to write more ^^.

Basically my opinion on why Tobi turned evil.

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1. Bloody Moon

Tobi ran, what else could he do? He could still hear his senpai yelling, Get out of here Tobi, you idiot, un! Tobi had no choice but to follow orders, like any other good boy. Time passed, Tobi didn't look back, even after he heard the gigantic explosion, louder than any other, Deidara-senpai told him to run, so he did. Hours later, Tobi stopped; he lay in the grass, panting from exhaustion, and looked up at the darkening gray sky, soon to become black. Tobi winced as he sat up and leaned against one of the gigantic trees that made up the majority of forests in this part of the country. He looked up at the stars with one eye and thought painfully about Deidara. He should go back. That was what a good boy would do, because even his senpai needed help once in a while.

Tobi stood up and limped back, trying to relieve some pain with chakra. The night grew darker; the full moon seemed to gaze down coldly as Tobi staggered towards where his senpai had been. The silvery light turned bloody as Tobi grew nearer. He looked up, surprised; to see the moon stained in blood that was a lunar eclipse. Tobi winced as he started on the last of his chakra reserves. But then he stumbled and fell back in fright.

What are you doing? I thought I told you to run, un? Deidara looked down at Tobi questioningly. Tobi looked up at Deidara, he seemed all right, but somehow different& did his blond hair seem almost brighter? Or was it that his eye seemed happier and full of good humor. Was this really the Deidara-senpai that he really knew and, dare he say it, loved?

B-but, senpai, I heard the explosion, and you weren't back and& Tobi trailed off then added in a quieter tone I was starting to get worried& Deidara looked down at Tobi, not with the annoyance that Tobi was so used to but with almost a soft, sad look. Like he was sorry for the orange masked goofball.

It's alright Tobi, you did the right thing, and you're a good boy, un. Tobi smiled under his mask as he picked himself up. The crimson moonlight reddened the grass, and Deidara barely cast a shadow, he almost seemed to emit an ethereal light. It got darker, and Tobi took off his mask so he could see. Deidara looked down on him, an odd thing because Tobi had been taller for as long as he could remember.

Deidara-senpai, we should go back and make sure it all worked out though& Tobi said softly as he saw the blonde's face fill with sadness again. Tobi started walking forward, his mask dangling from one hand. Tobi turned when he noticed that Deidara hadn't followed.

I guess we should& agreed Deidara striding forward, almost hesitantly, then turned to look at Tobi. And Tobi? You do look quite handsome with that mask off, un. He added lightly before taking the lead. Tobi had to run a couple of paces because he was so startled. He followed Deidara, pain and worry forgotten, he was just happy to be with his senpai again.

What Deidara didn't see was the blush that crept across Tobi's features at the compliment. He had never taken off his mask before; Zetsu had forbidden it, saying that people would think he wasn't a good boy. Tobi had light skin that hadn't seen the sun for years. This was very contrasted by his coal black eye and raven hair that he wore spiky. His hair fell in front of his forehead and partially in front of the right side of his face. He wore a medical eye patch over his right eye socket; Zetsu had said that he had lost it long ago, when he was found under those boulders. White scars traced his face, tokens of his forgotten memory. A particularly deep one ran from his right temple to his left cheek, narrowly missing his remaining eye. He traced that scar unconsciously and instead focused on Deidara's back as he led him towards the clearing where they had battled Sasuke, Itachi's younger brother.

Deidara stopped before they entered the small clearing. Are you sure you want to do this, un? Tobi stopped, confused.

Of course, why wouldn't I senpai? Deidara just nodded sadly and stepped into the clearing. It was a gigantic blast site. The grass was charred where it wasn't blown away altogether and there were pieces of clay and cloth littered everywhere. Smoke rose up, tinged red by the light of the lunar eclipse. Tobi walked in a daze to the epicenter of the blast. The sandy soil had been melted together into glass because of the ferocity of the explosion. Tobi dropped the orange clay mask, not caring anymore as it broke into three parts. He slowly reached out for a small piece of metal that glinted red in the moonlight.

S-senpai? Tell me it's not true& He asked softly, looking up as Deidara walked closer.

Please no& he choked out as a stray tear glistened at the corner of his eye. Deidara said nothing, promised nothing as his partner cradled the piece of metal. Tobi looked down at the object he now held close. It was Deidara's scope, the metal eye that he hid under his hair, that he had always been embarrassed to let anyone see.

I went out with a bang, un& Deidara said sadly as he watched his partner sob softly as he held the metal scope that used to be part of his senpai. Tobi stood up and looked Deidara in the eye. He slowly reached out and brushed away the shining hair in front of his senpai's left eye. A shard of blue sky looked sadly back at him. Tobi looked down at the scope again. So you really did?..

Yes Tobi, it was my greatest masterpiece& Don't feel sad, un. Deidara's spirit wrapped his arms around Tobi and then looked him in the eye. I'll always be with you, but you can do one thing for me&

What senpai? Anything! Tobi answered as he wiped his eyes, eager to please his senpai one last time.

Find Uchiha Sasuke.

Tobi nodded and grabbed his mask. Deidara let go of him and watched him with his sapphire eyes. Tobi looked down at the scope in one hand and his broken mask in the other. His face was contorted in a snarl of rage. Sasuke will pay. He said, turning towards the Akatsuki hideout. Deidara's spirit smiled as it followed Tobi, invisible to all but him.

The eclipse ended, the blood red entering a different night. Tobi's eye gleamed with the sharingan, as well as the newfound power of hatred. Dawn broke maroon, crimson and bloody as Tobi approached the headquarters, a changed man.

Akatsuki. Red Dawn.

2. Crimson morning

The Akatsuki base was dull and quiet. Tobi hadn't been in his customary good boy attitude for days now. He had fixed his mask with some of Deidara's old clay, but things just didn't feel the same.

The whole base seemed to be submerged in the silence of mourning. Itachi was even quieter and more reclusive than usual, Kisame was reduced to saying something, regretting it, then mumbling something about getting some sake before he would get up and leave. Kakuzu stopped grumbling about finances, or lack of them, and even Hidan rarely uttered a curse, carrying out his Jashinist rituals in near silence.

And Tobi & Tobi would never be the same. The hate, it clawed at him, like a ravenous beast. Willing him, no, forcing him to go after the brat that had killed his senpai, his partner & But he resisted the call of revenge, and waited.

And what troubled him the most was the absence of art. He still talked to Deidara, because, true to his word, his spirit never left him for long. Deidara would often make small explosions for entertainment, to lighten the oppressive mood a little, but they were silent, nothing more than a flash of light. Tobi was often obliged to use the remainder of Deidara's clay under his partner's instruction. But it was never the same, and it never would be.

Also, to Tobi's utter confusion, nobody else could see Deidara, or rather, his spirit. So, to his slight amusement, Deidara would often stand behind Pein and pantomime his every motion. While Tobi would have to suppress the fits of laughter that this brought, to the confusion of the other members and to the anger of Pein.

Even Zetsu, who talked to himself on a regular basis, was surprised when Tobi had an entire conversation with a patch of air in front of him, or himself, it was hard to tell. When asked whom he was talking to, Tobi calmly replied, Deidara-senpai. Before walking off, leaving a befuddled Zetsu looking after him with surprised golden eyes.

But hatred and revenge is never forgotten, and Tobi still held the scorched scope when he was sure nobody was looking. And he would still sob silently at night under his orange and black spiral mask, and Deidara would watch over him in silence, sad that he could no longer comfort his partner and brush away his tears. And so the days dragged on in agonizing monotony until a week passed.

Tobi snapped. At the urging of Deidara, he had fled the hideout. The other members found out when Zetsu, being an early riser, found a small note pinned to his bedroom door with a shuriken.

Sorry Zetsu-san. Deidara and I have gone off to find and kill that brat, the youngest Uchiha. Don't worry, Tobi will try to be a good boy and not make him suffer too much. If anyone needs us, we'll be in Konohagakure.

~Tobi

Each Akatsuki member had a similar note attached to their door, thanking them and telling them not to worry. As Hidan put it, Jashin have mercy on that poor idiot, he's finally gone insane. Everyone listened to this comment and nodded solemnly. This had happened before, even though technically they weren't supposed to get too attached to their partner. But, much to Pein's consternation, it did happen and much too often for his liking. It was hard enough finding replacements for one member, but two was almost impossible.

Eventually everyone was sent off on their respective missions, while ordered to keep a lookout for Tobi and to retrieve him if he was found. Zetsu shook his head sadly and went off to scout; Itachi was pondering the meaning of the youngest Uchiha. Pein was left to consider possibilities

for new partners, and that always made him dejected, because it meant hours of sifting through paperwork. Konan sighed and followed Pein, she always needed to make sure he didn't get too frustrated, or the weather could go from sunny to miserable in three minutes flat.